



CHICAGO
NUMBER



John
Reed h

This Little Pig Went to Market



TO THE GATEWAY PORTS OF THE WORLD

Batavia, Gateway to Java... Isle of mystery. Ancient temples on plains, in jungles, on peaks. What ancients built so grandly? How? Why?... Java, isle of paradise. Lovely verdure and waterfalls. Rubber plantations. Cities like parks, shops where batik-work

is done. Bazaars offering carven teakwood. Graceful dancing girls. Java, home of the Buitenzorg Botanical Gardens, where orchids grow 1000 blossoms at a time, and strange plants riot in beauty. Java, the isle with a spell.

Will you have the experience supreme?

EVERY year, a handful of travelers have the supreme experience. But only a handful. They are the company which ships one day in January on a Canadian Pacific Empress.

When they return, they are new people. Happy in new-found health. Glowing with joy of adventure. Laden with treasures from far-off bazaars. Expanded in personality to the breadth of the earth.

For, they've voyaged to the Gateway Ports of the World. What magic in the phrase! What magic in the experience! Sailing along, as if in a gigantic, floating country club. Comes a star on the map. A Gateway Port. Into the harbor. Aside the dock, and off for exploration... Then, shopping in the bazaars. Mingling in the city streets. Out to some tombs, which bring a 1000 years to life. A pilgrimage to some deserted town which reconstructs a page of history... Then,

on again, over the seven seas, to the next Gateway Port, the next romantic land, the next great experience. Algiers, Egypt, Holy Land, India, Ceylon, China!

Canadian Pacific has arranged these ports into several voyages. The ship is Canadian-Pacific, —an Empress liner. The service is Canadian-Pacific, —luxurious living. The guidance is Canadian-Pacific, —“it spans the world.”

CRUISE EXTRAORDINARY ROUND-THE-WORLD

from New York, January 14th, 130 days, including 53 far shore trips, with overland trips to Jerusalem and Cairo to Peking. Returning via Hawaii, Vancouver, San Francisco, Panama. “Empress of France.” (Chosen for two voyages by Lord Renfrew—Prince of Wales.)

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

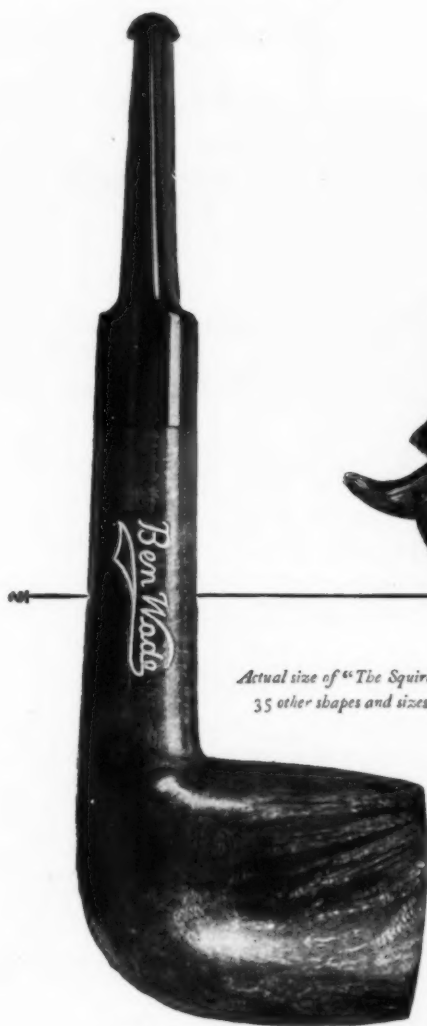
from New York, February 9th, 62 days. “Empress of Scotland.” (Her fourth cruise in these waters.)

CANADIAN PACIFIC CRUISES

ATLANTA, 49 N. Forsyth St. • BOSTON, 405 Boylston St. • BUFFALO, 160 Pearl St. • CHICAGO, 71 E. Jackson Blvd. • CINCINNATI, 201 Dixie Term. Bldg. • CLEVELAND, 1040 Prospect Ave. • DETROIT, 1239 Griswold St. • DULUTH, Soo Line Depot • KANSAS CITY, 601 Ry. Exch. Bldg. • LOS ANGELES, 605 So. Spring St. • MINNEAPOLIS, 611 2nd Ave., So. • NEW YORK, 142 Madison Ave. • ST. LOUIS, 420 Locust St. • PHILADELPHIA, Locust St. at 15th • PITTSBURGH, 340 Sixth Ave. • PORTLAND, ORE., 55 Third St. • SAN FRANCISCO, 675 Market St. • SEATTLE, 608 Second Ave. • TACOMA, 1113 Pacific Ave. • WASHINGTON, D. C., 1419 New York Ave. • IN CANADA—MONTREAL, 141 St. James St. • ST. JOHN, N. B., 40 King St. • WINNIPEG, 364 Main • TORONTO, 1 King St., E. • VANCOUVER, Canadian Pacific R. R. Sta.—OFFICES AND AGENTS EVERYWHERE



Your "pipe dreams" come true



Actual size of "The Squire"
35 other shapes and sizes



IS THERE a man who hasn't dreamed of a pipe that would never fail to give him a sweet and mellow smoke, that wouldn't need "breaking in," that would look as good as it tasted—you know, the kind of pipe that would rank 'longside his favorite mashie, his best Airedale, his first editions?

Well . . . Ben Wade is that kind of pipe.

It never fails to do its part in throwing a smoke screen between you and your cares. It's sweet and mellow and "broken in" from the first day on. No tongue torture; no palate punishment. Thank Ben Wade's special process for that. Notice the light colored finish inside the bowl, evidence of that process. The pores of the fine, full-seasoned brier are opened and kept open. There is no varnish to hide flaws, because you can't hide flaws that don't exist. You taste the full flavor of the tobacco, unmixed with wood smoke or the fumes of burning varnish.

All this is an old story to men who are smoking Ben Wade pipes. Instead of reading Ben Wade advertisements they could just about write them—that's how enthusiastic they are.

But if you haven't yet smoked a Ben Wade—well, then precious minutes of the pleasantest smoking you ever dreamed about are slipping by.

Not every tobacconist can show them to you—just the good ones. If you can't be supplied write for our complete catalog.



Churchill Downs Cigarettes • Hudson's Bay Tobacco • Ben Wade Pipes

bow
wow!

hm?

1960

you'd be surprised

Life,

598 Madison Ave.,
New York:—

The big
surprise to me is
that I've delayed this
matter as long as I
have. Here's a dollar,
for which please send
Life for 10 weeks to

note
tricky
shape
of
this
week's
coupon!

at what a dollar
can still do. why,
it will bring you
these numbers—

Election - Oct. 30

Girl Scout - Nov. 6

Football - Nov. 13

Thanksgiving - Nov. 20

Christmas - Dec. 4

and so on
for *ten weeks!*

351

(Canadian, \$1.20. Foreign, \$1.40)

One year, \$5.00. Canadian, \$5.80. Foreign, \$6.60

Not Nohow

THERE ain't nobody nowhere
That's half as sweet as you.
If I should, maybe, go where
Them great explorers do,
To Siam or Alaska,
Greenland or Athabasca,
I'll bet I'd find it slow where
You wasn't right in view;
There ain't nobody nowhere
That's half as sweet as you!

I've lamped the kind of show where
There's girlies by the slew
That evidently grow where
The luscious peaches grew,
But though each little cutie
Ain't got a thing but beauty,
They don't cause me to glow where
My heart is. Take my cue,
There ain't nobody nowhere
That's half as sweet as you!

I know I'd find it so where-
Soever I went to,
There ain't no place that's nowhere
Unless you're there—that's true.
Life would be on the bum where
You wasn't near me, somewhere;
Still, you was always joe where
You stood with me, 'tain't new!
There ain't nobody nowhere
That's half as sweet as you!

Berton Bracey.

Brightening Up the Vice-President

It is the duty of every American citizen, when visiting in Washington, to call on the Vice-President. Any one can call on the President, but the Vice-President has never received the attention from the people at large that his generous self-effacement and general lack of intelligence warrant. How can we expect to start a standard of morality among our statesmen when we betray such indifference to this patriotic duty? If our retired business men take this up as they do golf, they will not have lived in vain.

Then again, the Vice-President will always see you, when nobody else would. As soon as you are quite alone with him, which will be at once, say:

"Well, old top, I'm leaving you."

"So soon?" he will reply.

"Yes. I am going away. I am going back to tell the great American people just what you have said."

"But I haven't said a thing."

"Precisely," you will then reply. "And they will be so delighted to hear it."

T. L. M.

THE thing that is bothering New Yorkers and Chicagoans is whether, when the two cities have grown until they have met, the new city will be called Greater New York or Greater Chicago.



We Amaze Men

With this Shaving Cream, whatever they expect

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

Our claims for Palmolive Shaving Cream sound almost too good to be true. But they tempt millions to ask for samples.

Then comes the test. Our cause is lost if we fail to make good on these claims.

We do make good.

This Cream has become a sensation.

Just because we learned the five things that men wanted most. We worked 18 months to excel in those things—made up 130 separate formulas.

Now give us a chance

We offer a Shaving Cream which millions like. So will you regard it.

We ask you to accept a Ten-Shave Test to prove the claims we make. It may mean new shaving delights.

5

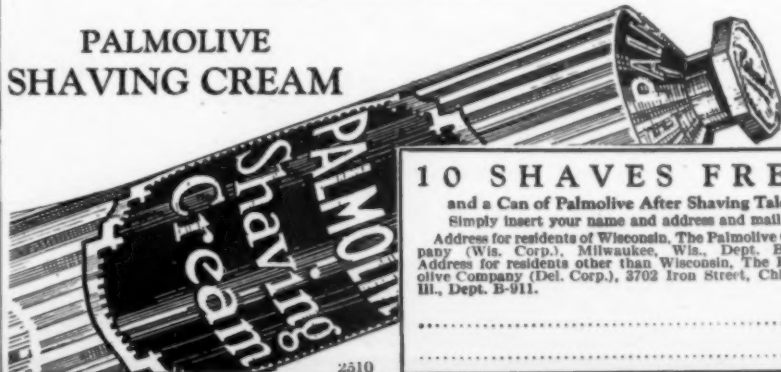
Delights

- 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2—Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3—Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
- 4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
- 5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



10 SHAVES FREE

and a Can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc
Simply insert your name and address and mail.
Address for residents of Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis., Dept. B-911.
Address for residents other than Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill., Dept. B-911.



THE "FOUR WINDS"
TOPCOAT BY
HART SCHAFFNER
& MARX

YOU don't care which way the wind blows when you wear it. A bleak sleety Norther, a cool Westerly, a rainy South wind or a comfortable Easterly—they're all the same to this "Four Winds Topper." It has the style you want, too; lots of ease; straight hanging; wider shoulders and fine long-wearing, all-wool fabrics woven for all around wear.

*Ask to see the "Four Winds Topper"
Our label is in it*

HART SCHAFFNER
& MARX

THE NAME "FOUR WINDS TOPPER" IS REGISTERED





Chicago Lyric

(With Apologies to Mr. Carl Sandburg)

AN old man still lives
who can remember Chicago when it had only
one street.

We gouged it out of the earth in hunks,
and shoveled it up with smoky steam-shovels
and grub-hooks.

Bohunks and wops,
Dagoes and husky niggers,
spit on their hands, sweat under their shirts,
shoveled out the dirt.

Up sprang steel skyscrapers, climbing steel, blue steel,
chilled steel made with men in tough burgs, day
gangs, night gangs, built with blood of men,
built with smoke, plug tobacco, and searing red-
hot metal.

Like the web of a spider, a grasping spider, crawled
the streets, the new dirt streets, across green
meadows. To-day plausible real estate agents—
to-morrow sewer assessments.

In came the ships, the lake steamers, the steel ore-
boats, cursing, crowding each other into the har-
bor. Ships lugging steel ore, canned goods, auto-
matics and Swedes.

Like red mushrooms grew the factories; the factory
chimneys cut the sky-line, throwing inky spirals
across the horizon. The wind blew east and the
smoke went west. The wind blew west and the
smoke went east. The wind stopped and the
smoke went up the chimney just the same.

Pastors and policemen preached and whistled. Poli-
ticians, fish-eyed, pot-bellied politicians, slipped
into town. The politicians and the policemen got
together; the churches tolled.

A mighty city had been slapped together—a husky,
bull-necked, barrel-waisted, he-citizen with hair
on its chest.

And an old man still lives
who can remember Chicago when it had only
one street.

Sherman Ripley.

"So You're from New York"

IN Boston, it is said with a conde-
scending air, and a slight screwing
down of the corners of the mouth.

In Philadelphia, with an inflection of
amazement and a politely smothered
yawn.

In New Orleans, with the easy cour-
tesy of the South.

In Des Moines, heartily.

In Detroit, a little suspiciously, with
an appraising glance from head to
foot.

In Los Angeles, with a contemptuous
snort and an abrupt turning away.

But in Chicago, it is accompanied by
a loud, raucous laugh that may be
heard for blocks. *Stanley Jones.*

The Uses of Obscurity

GENTLEMAN (to haberdasher):
I'd like a union suit, please. Some-
thing not so well known that I'd have
to pay for the advertising.



Descendant of Mrs. O'Leary's Cow: AH, WHAT'S THE USE?

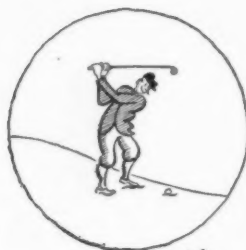
For the Boy Returning to School

The Haberdasher's List

WINTER Overcoat
Sweater
Winter Underwear
Shoe Bag
Arctics
Handkerchiefs (1 doz.)
Muffler
Slippers
Dressing Gown
Woolen Socks (1 doz.)
Suspenders
White Collars (1 doz.)
Wool Gloves
Bath Towels

His List

Ukulele
Louise's Photograph
Football Pants
Camera
Skis
Golf Balls (1 doz.)
Helen's Photograph
Victrola
Tennis Racket
Skates
Fancy Belt
Running Shoes
Hockey Stick
Mildred's Photograph
George S. Chappell.



A PERFECT LIE

The Complete Business Man

MR. DOOFUS saves two minutes and forty seconds every morning by taking a shower instead of a tub bath; he saves three minutes flat by eating his eggs raw at breakfast, twenty-two and a half minutes by taking the subway instead of the bus, eight and two-thirds minutes by having his mail opened before it is brought to him, thirteen minutes by using a dictaphone instead of a stenographer, six minutes by having his shoes polished while he is in conference, and twenty-one minutes by lunching on raisins and buttermilk—

Making a total saving of one hour, sixteen minutes and fifty seconds, which he uses watching the workmen on the new building opposite catching red-hot rivets. *B. B.*

WELL, the Prince has gone his way, giving America a chance to get down to the minor business of electing a President.



New York Kid: SO YOU CALL THIS A LAKE? GEE! I'D HATE T'MAGINE YOUR IDEA OF AN ocean.

Information About Chicago

CHICAGO is a rather large city, situated somewhat west of New York on Lake Erie....It suffered from a disastrous fire which was brought on by the San Francisco earthquake....The fashionable district is known as "The Loop." The stately mansions of the Armours, the McCormicks and Mrs. Potter-Palmer are situated in "The Loop."...The second most fashionable district is Twenty-second Street....Lincoln Park is named for Lincoln, who made his first Gettysburg speech there....The Liberty Bell is hung up in Lincoln Park to commemorate the emancipation of the slaves....The Chicago Opera Company (managed by Geraldine Farrar) gives musical comedies in the Iroquois Theatre, which was formerly a barn in which Mrs. O'Leary kept her cow....There is also an excellent summer stock company which gives performances in the stockyards, where New York shows are tried out.

...The Lake Shore Drive culminates in the Congress Hotel, where you can get an excellent shore dinner for a dollar and a half....Another pretty drive is Sheridan Road, along which Sheridan started his march to the sea. ...The little home of Barbara Frietchie (who had a run-in with Sheridan) is situated on Sheridan Road...The suburbs of Chicago are Reno, Salt Lake City, Kansas City and Battle Creek, and on a bright Sunday afternoon people run out either to the Grand Canyon of Arizona or to Niagara Falls.

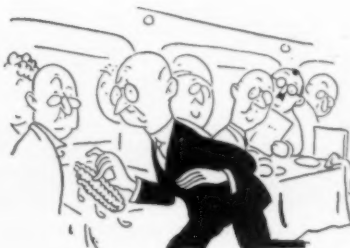
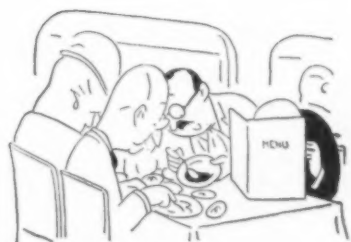
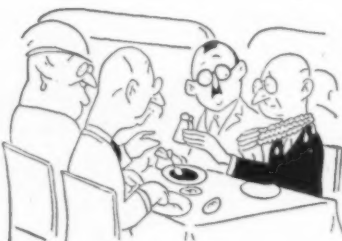
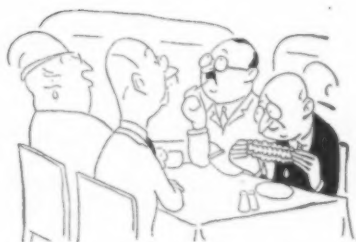
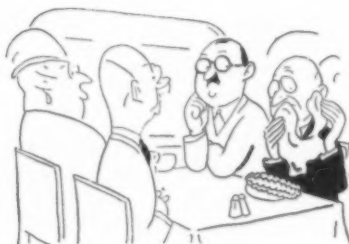
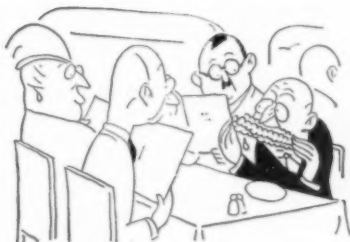
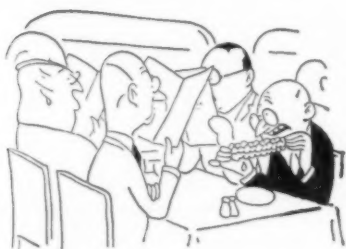
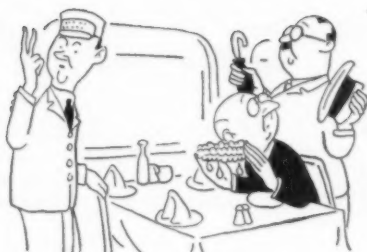
Henry William Hanemann.

Ulterior

BARR: Why did you send one son to Harvard and the other to Yale?

CARR: To increase my chances of getting a ticket to the big game.

THE best loud speaker on the market—the silent vote.



GLUYAS
WILLIAMS

THE DINING CAR

· LIFE ·

Clemo Uti—"The Water Lilies"

By Ring Lardner

CHARACTERS

PADRE, a Priest.

SETHSO }
GETHSO } Both Twins.

WAYSHATTEN, a Shepherd's Boy.

TWO CAPITALISTS.*

WAMA TAMMISCH, her daughter.

KLEMA, a Janitor's third daughter.

KEVELA, their mother, afterwards their aunt.

*NOTE: The two Capitalists don't appear in this show.

[TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: This show was written as if people were there to see it.]

ACT I.

(The Outskirts of a Parchesi Board. People are wondering what has become of the discs. They quit wondering and sit up and sing the following song.)

CHORUS

WHAT has become of the discs?
What has become of the discs?
We took them at our own risks,
But what has become of the discs?

(Wama enters from an exclusive waffle parlor. She exits as if she had had waffles.)

ACTS II & III.

(These two acts were thrown out because nothing seemed to happen.)

ACT IV.

(A silo. Two rats have got in there by a mistake. One of them seems diseased. The other looks at him. They go out. Both rats come in again and wait for a laugh. They don't get it, and go out. Wama enters from an offstage barn. She is made up to represent the Homecoming of Casanova. She has a fainting spell. She goes out.)

KEVELA

Where was you born?

PADRE

In Adrian, Michigan.

KEVELA

Yes, but I thought I was confessing to you.

(The Padre goes out on an old-fashioned high-wheel bicycle. He acts as if he had never ridden many of them. He falls off and is brought back. He is in pretty bad shape.)

ACT V

(A Couple of Salesmen enter. They are trying to sell Portable Houses. The rest of the cast don't want Portable Houses.)

REST OF THE CAST

We don't want Portable Houses.

(The Salesmen become hysterical and walk off-stage left.)

KEVELA

What a man!

WAYSHATTEN *(the Shepherd's Boy)*

Why wasn't you out there this morning to help me look after my sheep?

CHORUS OF ASSISTANT SHEPHERDS

Why did you lay there asleep
When you should of looked after his sheep?
Why did you send telegrams
When you should of looked after his lambs?
Why did you sleep there, so old,
When you should of looked after his fold?

SETHSO

Who is our father?

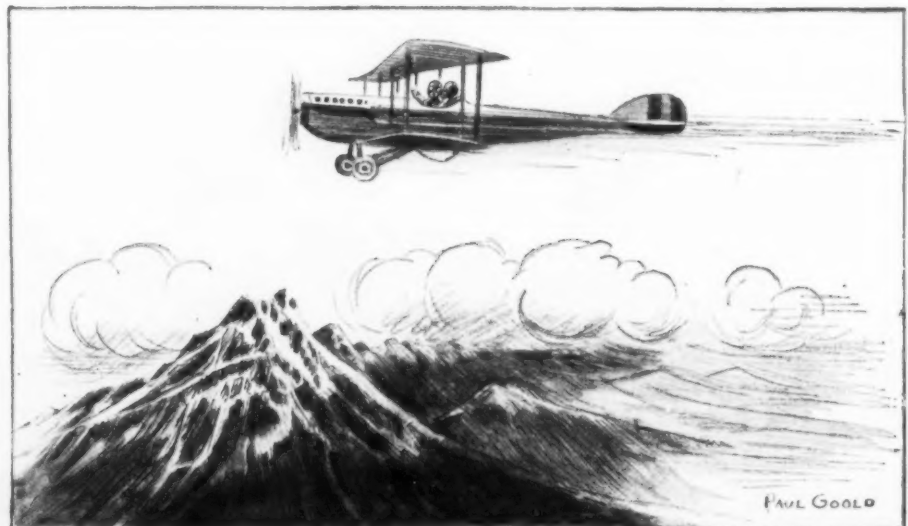
GETHSO

What of it? We're twins, ain't we?

WAMA

Hush, clemo uti *(the Water Lilies)*.*(Two queels enter, overcome with water lilies. They both make fools of themselves. They don't seem to have any self-control. They quiver. They want to play the show over again, but it looks useless.)*

SHADES



OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Pilot: WHAT DID YOU SAY?

Passenger: OH, NEVER MIND NOW—I JUST ASKED YOU TO POINT OUT CHICAGO AS WE PASSED.

Now at Liberty

LITTLE white love, your way you've taken;
Now I am left alone, alone.
Little white love, my heart's forsaken.
(Whom shall I get by telephone?)
Well do I know there's no returning;
Once you go out, it's done, it's done.
All of my days are gray with yearning.
(Nevertheless, a girl needs fun.)

Little white love, perplexed and weary,
Sadly your banner fluttered down.
Sullen the days, and dreary, dreary.
(Which of the boys is still in town?)
Radiant and sure, you came a-flying;
Puzzled, you left on lagging feet.
Slow in my breast, my heart is dying.
(Nevertheless, a girl must eat.)

Little white love, I hailed you gladly;
Now I must wave you out of sight.
Ah, but you used me badly, badly.
(Who'd like to take me out to-night?)
All of the blundering words I've spoken,
Little white love, forgive, forgive.
Once you went out, my heart fell, broken.
(Nevertheless, a girl must live.)

Dorothy Parker.

These Americans

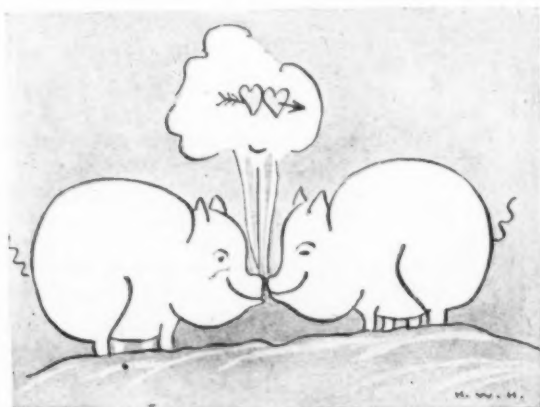
The Politician

HE does not care who writes his party's principles if he can control its patronage.

He knows that jobs speak louder than words.
He always refers to other party leaders as "the boys."
He would rather make a governor than be one.
His idea of taking a stand is to say he is for harmony.
He knows that no matter who wins he never loses.

McC. H.

WHERE would the world be to-day if it were taken by taxi drivers to as many wrong numbers as it gets over the phone?



UN PEU D'AMOUR



Friend: BUT IF YOU'RE SO SURE NED'S CRAZY ABOUT YOU, NAN, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

Politician's Daughter: FOR FORMAL NOTIFICATION.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

October 1st

No sleep last night because of an agony in my mouth, so off betimes to the dentist in great eagerness to part with my eyetooth, in which it centered, nor can I see why such figurative store should be set by that canine. Now be calm, Mrs. Pep, quoth Dr. Eckley, I will not hurt you, nor did he, for which I thanked God. The morning gone quickly with this and that of vital importance, nor did I finish all I would have transacted, neither. One criticism I make of life is that there are not enough hours in the day at the right time. To a luncheon at Ida Wilson's this noon, finding there many women whom I have not seen since spring, all in fresh autumn finery, looking as if they had striven to see which one could find the homeliest and smallest felt hat. I had done on my own new tailleur, the long sleeves of which are so tight that, when we fell to bridge, I was at some pains to deal the cards... Going through the new books for something against the night watches, and I chose *The Back of the Book*, by Margaret

(Continued on page 34)

"IT MUST BE WONDERFUL
TO BE AN AUTHOR"



"I JUST DASH THESE
THINGS OFF"



JULIUS
ROSENWALD

GREAT MOMENTS IN CHICAGO HISTORY

MR. SEARS ROEBUCK AUTOGRAPHS A COPY OF HIS CATALOGUE FOR AN ADMIRER

When East Meets West

A RESIDENT of Chicago met a resident of New York on La Salle Street. (I say La Salle Street both to lend local color to the story and to show I know my Chicago, as we writers say.)

"I'd rather live in Chicago than New York any day," said the Chicago resident. "I admit the stockyards smell bad—terrible, in fact. But at that it's no worse than the Jersey glue factories just across the Hudson when the wind is right. Anyhow, we don't get it on the North Side."

"Perhaps," said the New York resident as the other paused for breath.

"The soft-coal smoke is bad, too, I grant," went on the Chicago resident. "But that drawback is easily remedied by buying an extra dozen collars and washing six times an hour instead of two. And anyhow, I hear they're burning soft coal there now, so there can't be much difference."

"Is that so?" said the New York resident.

"A lot of New Yorkers knock our transportation system, too," said the Chicagoan. "Well, the trains are pretty slow and they're cold in winter, but traveling on them is no worse than standing an hour with your wrist jammed under your chin in a Subway train, where it was pushed by the in-

coming crowd as you stood on the platform trying to read your evening paper."

"You may be right," said the New Yorker, lighting a cigarette.

"Then look at our marvelous beaches," continued the Chicagoan, warming to his subject. "Miles of them, right along the lake front! Step across the street from your apartment on a summer day in your bathing suit and there you are, ready for a cooling dip. No disagreeable ride from Coney Island in a crowded train afterward to spoil your pleasure."

"But the thing I like best about Chicago is the people. They aren't provincial, like New Yorkers. They don't act as if Chicago was the only town on earth. No! They're friendly."

"If you don't believe me, go into an empty restaurant in New York, get a table and watch the first man that comes in. He'll stand in the doorway a moment, look right through you and then go over to the farthest table from you in the room and start reading the paper. In Chicago he'd come straight to your table, sit down and start a friendly conversation. Yes, sir, every time!"

"That's what I like best about Chicago—the friendliness of the people. They aren't cold and aloof like New

Yorkers. Now be honest and admit I'm right!"

"Well, I like New York all right," said the other.

"There you go!" said the first bitterly. "Can't see any other place but New York. I might have known it!"

"Well," replied the New York resident, "they say a naturalized person often likes his adopted residence better than his birthplace. I was born in Chicago, but went to New York eleven years ago to take charge of my firm's Eastern branch. You've lived here all your life, though, I suppose?"

"Well, not exactly," confessed the Chicagoan. "Only five years. Moved here from New York. I'm running the house's Chicago office."

Baron Ireland.

Little Lessons in American for Prospective Citizens

A LESSON IN SPEAKING EASY

I WALK to the door.

I look around.

I knock on the door.

I am told to come in.

I open the door.

I walk in.

I close the door.

I walk across the room.

I order a drink.

A LESSON IN NUMBERS

A taxi rounds the corner on 1 wheel.

I hold up 1 hand.

The taxi stops with 70 screechings.

I enter.

In 3 places in the taxi it is printed that the fare is 20 cents for 1 mile.

I go 2 miles.

I get out.

I pay the driver \$1.45. B. B.

His Walk in Life

WORRIED MOTHER: I'm sure I don't know what we'll ever do with Harold when he grows up. John. Did you ever see such impossibly long legs?

"Don't worry, my dear. Perhaps we can let him out to realtors to prove that their houses are within easy walking distance of the station."

FROM the Book of Similes—As quickly forgotten as an unsuccessful presidential candidate.

Facts in Favor of Chicago

THE FACT THAT:

Her taxi-drivers didn't immediately try to rob me.

Her hotels never charged any mysterious extras on my bills.

I was never molested by lawbreakers or policemen in Chicago.

No Chicago landlord ever raised my rent—much.

Chicago bootleggers never sold me any poison liquor.

Chicago business men, speaking generally, never broke an agreement with me.

The climate of Chicago never seemed to affect me unfavorably.

I was never in Chicago.

Sherman Ripley.

Mecca

IT was in the Elysian Fields. Mahomet was boasting to a crowd of listeners.

"Do you know," he was saying, "that thousands of people make the pilgrimage yearly to the city in which I was born and hundreds of them remain there until they die?"

"Pooh!" said a cow that was grazing close by. "Thousands and tens of thousands of cows make the same pilgrimage to the city in which I was born and



MEN WHO HAVE MADE CHICAGO

Wallace ("Lie Wire") Volt, who figured out that the drawbridges over the Chicago River would cause the North Side commuters to miss their trains and thereby be kept in the Loop longer, perhaps for life, thus laying the foundation for Chicago's tremendous retail shopping district.

all of them stay there until they die."

"Who are you?" cried Mahomet.

"I," said the cow, calmly taking another mouthful, "I am Mrs. O'Leary's cow, who set Chicago on fire."

Life Lines

SCIENTISTS are devising a thirteen-month year with a "floating day" to be known as New Year's Eve. New Yorkers remonstrate that practically nobody can stay afloat on New Year's Eve.

⌋

"I'd give a lot to learn to play really good poker," the Prince of Wales is quoted as saying. And there's a hundred million others like him.

⌋

Governor Charles Bryan urges boys to stick to the farm—the implication being that, if they don't, they may turn out to be presidential candidates on the Republican ticket.

⌋

Our frontier towns are gone, but we still have front-page towns, like Heroin, Ill.

⌋

According to an advertisement, the railroads of the United States pay out \$190 "every time the clock ticks." The simplest way to check this reckless expenditure would be to stop the clock.

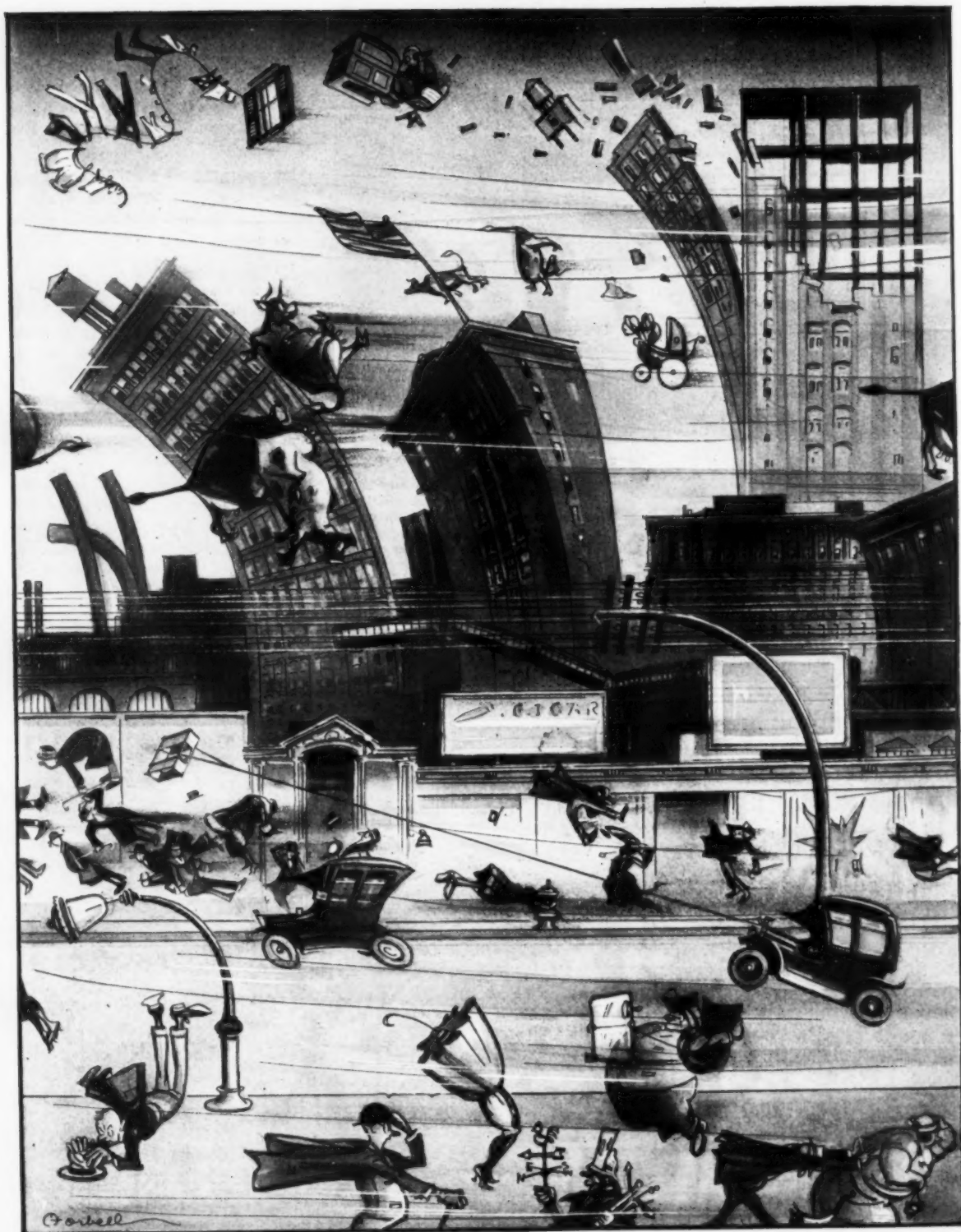
⌋

An American actor traveling in Germany refused to drink. These theatrical people certainly know how to get publicity.



The Bird Lover: DID I HEAR A SHOT? WHY SLAUGHTER OUR LITTLE FEATHERED FRIENDS?

The Sportsman (unlucky): YAH! SLAUGHTER-ME-EYE! HAS A RABBIT GOT FEATHERS?



THE WINDY CITY

The Safe and Sane Candidate

JOSEPH J. BLAH, candidate for Vice-President, expressed surprise on being informed of his nomination, which occurred three months ago.

"There has been so much static in the air recently," he said, "that my radio did not carry the convention noises beyond the two hundred and tenth ballot. Besides, the man who calls my attention to the newspapers has been away on his vacation."

On being told that a speech of acceptance was in order, Mr. Blah was at first thrown into great confusion; but recovering himself quickly, he drew a bulky manuscript from his pocket.

"Fortunately," he said, "I have just received by mail the latest lesson from the Ready Orator Correspondence Course—Speeches for All Occasions. This speech, prepared for the Acceptance of a Loving Cup by the President of an Undertakers' Local, seems just fitted for the present moment."

Continuing, he said in part: "My creed can be summed up in eight main points.

"First, I believe in the multiplication table.

"Second, I believe in the Ten Commandments, with such modifications as are appropriate to the present age.

"Third, I believe in post offices,

canals, ports and pensions, and free seeds for everybody.

"Fourth, I believe in economy.

"Fifth, I believe that the farmer should have his income doubled.

"Sixth, I believe that the great buying public should have prices reduced by half.

"Seventh, I do not believe in aggressive wars. Wars should be gentlemanly and peaceable. In killing, atrocities must, of course, be avoided and repaid with interest.

"Eighth, I believe in the right of the people to assemble in any sort of meeting that favors my cause, to enjoy free speech if not detrimental to my interests, and to act, vote, work and pursue happiness, provided I get my proper share of the rake-off."

Men of Mr. Blah's party expressed great satisfaction with his speech. "A safe and sane candidate," was the verdict. Six publicity men are busy culling epigrams from the speech.

W. L. Werner.

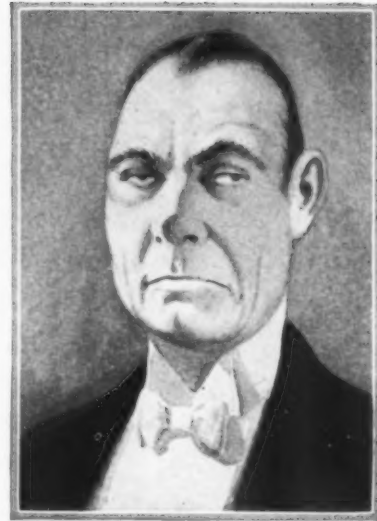
A QUICK-LUNCH is a place where you save your money and lose your appetite; a tea-room is a place where you lose your money and keep your appetite.



Jane (with First Reader): MOTHER, IS THIS PICTURE TRUE OF MR. RAT WITH A HAT AND A BAT?

Mother: NO, DEAR, I SUPPOSE IT COULDN'T BE TRUE.

Jane: THEY JUST PUT THAT IN TO ATTRACT THE PUBLIC. DIDN'T THEY?



MEN WHO HAVE MADE CHICAGO

John Gavin Erp, of New York City, who originated the report that Chicago is the most lawless city in the country and thereby caused a great movement of population from the Eastern to the Mid-Western metropolis.

October Occasions

DRIVING seventy-five miles in the rain to shoot rabbits with an uncongenial companion because you were careless enough to say in his presence that you liked hunting.

Going to the preliminary football games because you took a box for the season.

Intending to be a good citizen and attend political meetings, but finding last-minute excuses for staying at home.

Wondering about the mysterious change that has taken place in those perfectly good suits you were going to wear again this season.

Realizing there is only one thing to do about it.

Doing it. McC. H.

Kinship

POMPOUS PARTY: I never give money to beggars.

PANHANDLER: Aw, have a heart, mister. Us Nordics have got to stick together.

THE successful novelist is the one who knows what everybody really thinks and keeps it out of his books.



Butch: DEECLARE YASELF—DEMEECRAT OR
RUHPUBLICAN?

Skippy: WHO—ME, BUTCH?
"YOU HOID ME!"



Skippy: WHY, THE SAME AS YOU, BUTCH, RUHPUBLI-
CAN. A HUNDRED PER CENT. COOLIDGE. KEEP COOL
WITH COOLIDGE; WHAT SAY, BUTCH?



Skippy: UNLESS HE MAKES UP HIS MIND ONE WAY OR OTHER, ME TEETH'LL NEVER HOLD OUT
TILL ELECTION.

Skippy



A GLIMPSE OF OLD CHICAGO

(Left to Right)—Mrs. O'Leary and her cow in training for the acrobatic act that was to make them both famous; a few of the main structures; street life in the pre-Columbian era; Mrs. Potter-Palmer's Castle; a company of volunteers; the first home of the Field Museum; the Illinois Central pathfinding; Lake Michigan, as it was then; the nucleus of the stockyards, and, at the extreme right, the Art Institute with its world-famous lions (at that time mere cubs).

Scientific Tales for Scientific Tots

The Story of the Alcoholic Guinea Pig

ONCE there were two guinea pigs who lived side by side. One was named Johnnie. Each day he would eat two or three cabbages and a lot of lettuce and other nourishing foods and would drink nothing but pure water. He was a fine, big, fat guinea pig and had never known a day's illness.

The other guinea pig was named Micky. Every day a bad man would come and put a rye highball in his drinking cup. You should not blame Micky for drinking the rye highball, because he could not get any water. However, he certainly seemed to like the rye highball. He had plenty of cabbages and lettuce in his cage but he would not eat them, and he got thin and wan and peaked, and often felt very sick in the morning.

Every day Johnnie and Micky were put through mazes. Johnnie was a bright guinea pig and rapidly learned how to go through them and get the big cabbage leaf at the other end. But Micky would just sit down at the opening of the maze and laugh like a fool.

Finally a great day came. Johnnie and Micky were placed in a big box and put in charge of a lecturer. With him they made a tour of the United States.

In every city the lecturer would take them out of their box and show them to the audience. Then he would give Micky a drink of rye whisky, and Johnnie would run promptly through the maze and get the cabbage leaf, but Micky would just lie down on his back with his feet in the air and laugh like a fool. Then the audience would shout with applause for Micky.

"What are you laughing about?" said Johnnie, somewhat nettled by the applause.

"What is the end of existence?" replied Micky, with unnatural gravity for a guinea pig.

"To eat more cabbage and get fatter," answered Johnnie.

Micky made no reply but burst once more into drunken laughter, amid the cheers of the audience.

Morris Bishop.

The Complete Failure

SHE (*tearfully*): You know, I feel dreadfully responsible about losing that football game.

HE: Why so?

SHE: I cheered once at the wrong time.



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AS far as fireworks go, and fervor and thrills, and do-or-die, there was not much doing hereabouts in politics in September. Nobody seemed to be badly scared by any of the candidates. Mr. La Follette wants some things that he ought not to have, but there is general agreement that there is no chance of his election, and he would not get the objectionable things if he were elected. Besides that, La Follette is able and reputable, and some of the things he wants are desirable. Nobody's blood seems to be running cold at the possibility that he will get in.

Chairman Butler of the Republican National Committee, who must be a good deal of a wag, allowed on the 3rd of September that the one fact plain to all observers of the campaign was that Mr. Davis had been eliminated from the contest. Mr. Butler is a faithful man whose office is to see nothing but Coolidge. "Davis is gone," he said, "and La Follette is losing support." He even thought Mr. Davis so weak that he must get a little stronger as the campaign goes on.

Mr. Butler did well to hedge. This is a very complicated campaign and two months before election is a good deal too soon to count everybody out but Coolidge. But, as observed, Mr. Butler is a droll person and entitled to have his fun. Per contra Dr. Frank Bohn in the *Times* figures out to the length of three columns that Mr. Davis is going to win. He gives him 278 electoral votes and his estimate ought to be better than Mr. Butler's because he is not the Chairman of any campaign committee.

It is simply scandalous the way the

Republican Party ignores its record. Its speakers virtually decline to discuss its recent past, which they consider (with some success) to have been buried with Mr. Harding. They have had extraordinary luck. Is Mr. Lodge speaking in this campaign? No. Mr. Lodge became ill and went to a hospital and has been having operations, successfully and agreeably we hope, but he has not been active in the campaign. None of the Battalion of Death show themselves. The Republican exhibits are Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hoover, Mr. Mellon, all respectable characters and something more; also Attorney-General Stone and the two new ambassadors, who ought to be good. Fall, Daugherty, Forbes and such characters are not obtruded on public attention by the Republicans and not any too effectively by the speakers of the other party, though Mr. Wheeler does his best, and Mr. Davis keeps turning the spotlight on them.

Mr. Davis always makes good speeches and always says something that will wash. Where he goes interest quickens, as lately in Missouri. When it comes to election, he will probably get his share of the votes and if he does, and Mr. La Follette does as well as is expected, Mr. Coolidge, in spite of all the calculations of his political accountants, will have a hard time to hold his job. But meanwhile nobody's pitch seems very hot, though it will doubtless heat up this month.



SYMPATHY is hereby extended to Alfred E. Smith in his disinclination to run again for Governor of New

York. Eighty years ago Silas Wright was the popular war horse of the New York Democrats and was called upon by the party leaders in a political emergency—being then Senator—to run for Governor. He protested with lamentations and entreaties that to be Governor would quite ruin him; that he had scarcely any money; that he would have to furnish a house and live beyond his means and that it simply meant financial collapse. But his political confederates were inexorable. The old man had to run. He was elected, served as Governor in 1844 and died soon after. He was faithful but it finished him. The salary at that time was probably about \$3,000. Now it is \$10,000, which is less a good deal than \$3,000 was in 1844. Al Smith says he cannot afford to be Governor any more—that he has got to provide for his family. Perhaps he will be drafted as Silas Wright was, but why on earth should not the State of New York pay its Governor a salary in some degree proportionate to the importance of the employment? Al Smith is a good Governor, able, honest, extremely well informed about the affairs of the State. To pay him \$40,000 or \$50,000 a year would be a mere bagatelle to the State of New York. Something like that ought to be paid him. Even \$25,000 a year would simplify the problem a good deal. The Mayor's salary here was raised to that a while ago and rightly so. The Governor's salary needs enlargement quite as much.



GOVERNOR SMITH must sympathize with Ramsay MacDonald, who is in a scrape, not very serious, because an old friend who had got rich gave him a motor car, and when he said he could not afford to run it, endowed it with a sum sufficient to keep it going while he had it. These facts came out and there has been some outcry, but the aim of the gift and the endowment was to save MacDonald's strength. His salary is 5,000 pounds a year. Take out the income tax and it becomes about \$17,000, which is not enough to maintain the Premier of England in the style of housekeeping that his employment demands. So the British have something to learn about the requirements of poor men in office just as we have.

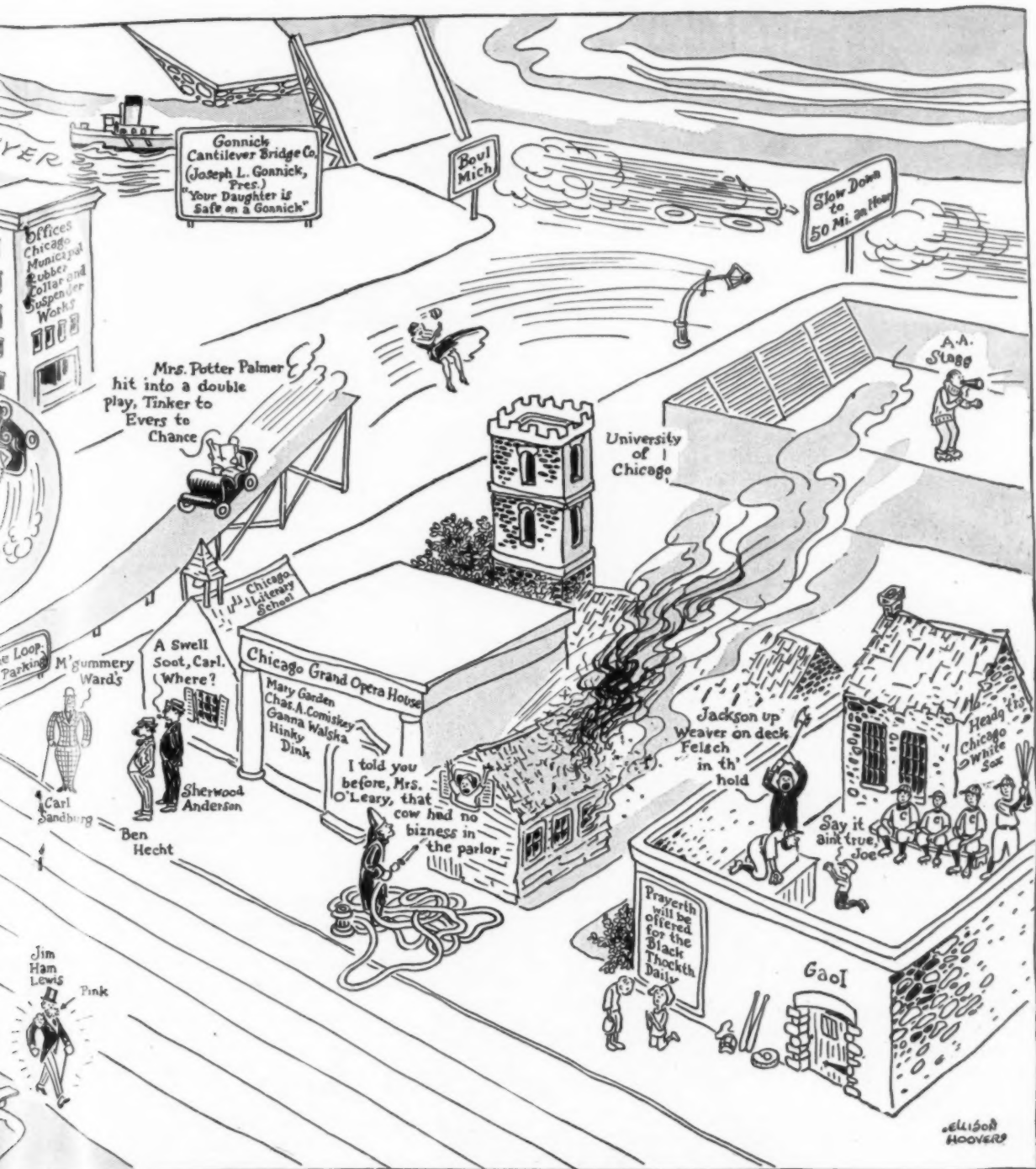
E. S. Martin.



"B-BUT HOW DEAD ARE THEY?"



An Impression of
By One Who Has Never



vision of Chicago
o Has Never Been There



Inside Stuff

IT is probably true that the new edition of the "Vanities" is nowhere near so good as last year's (Mr. Carroll's penalty for having put on such a good first show), but on the opening night the fault was not entirely Mr. Carroll's. The audience was at least twenty per cent. to blame. It was what is known as "tough."

A "tough" audience does not necessarily talk out of the corner of its mouth or say, "Hully Gee!" A tough audience is one which sits back and says to the performers: "Yeah? Well, make me laugh if you're so funny." In partial extenuation of its attitude it may be said that it has usually paid eleven dollars or more a seat and has a right to be a little skeptical. But no audience has a right to be as downright belligerent as the one which placed itself in the way of the "Vanities" on opening night. Much of the comedy did deserve to be met with a dignified silence, but there were many quips which, if given an even break, would at least have lived to see the sunrise, yet which, under the influence of the grim reapers out front, shriveled up immediately on being exposed to the air. For it is an incontrovertible fact that a line, no matter how funny it is in the mind of its parent, ceases to be funny even to him as soon as it is rejected by the receiving end.



WE are not attempting to explain away the failure of much of the old vaudeville humor in the "Vanities" to get across. We are not attempting to offer an alibi for such gross violations of good taste as Madame Tucker's song about the Prince of Wales. But Madame Sophie did have some material which she had every right to expect would go big, based on her many years' experience in going big, and Joe Cook, our hero, has a very good case against the audience for the murder of several ideas which, with a little sympathy from some one, would have been as funny as anything he has ever done—in other words, the funniest stuff in the world.

All this may sound like a very abstruse and filmy argument, but we know it to be as tangible as if we had said that every one in the audience was stone deaf. In the old days, when the stage was at its zenith, we ourselves worked for several audiences suffering from the same anesthesia as that one of Mr. Carroll's, and we know what it feels like to face them, even with the magnificent material that we had. Perhaps that is why our heart went out to the

people back-stage that night. They were up against an impossible job and were not equipped for it.



ON the other hand, we know how the audience felt.

There was some terrible stuff there. You can't blame people for not laughing if they don't feel like laughing. They are under no obligation to the management or the performers. On the contrary. A situation like that is merely a combination of circumstances in which a show which needs help from its audience runs into an audience which is psychologically incapable of extending help. The result is unfortunate, that's all. For with considerable pruning and the insertion of more material suited to Joe Cook and Sophie Tucker, the "Vanities," with its beauty and equipment, will be a one hundred per cent. better show than many which have flourished in the past at the Winter Garden or the New Amsterdam.



WE are a little late with praise for "Rose-Marie," for it is already an assured success. As is customary with musical comedies in which the score is a superior one, the book is a little too much in evidence, but to hear Mary Ellis and Dennis King sing the music which Messrs. Friml and Stothart have written is an experience so far unequalled in the new season. In our expansive mood we laughed occasionally at William Kent and, expanding even farther, looked at the program to see who staged the dances and found David Bennett credited. His "Totem-pole" dance is one of the most effective chorus numbers we have ever seen. In short, Mr. Hammerstein has produced to the hilt a show which deserves it.



IN "Pigs" the authors (Anne Morrison and Patterson McNutt) have given us a story of the Younger Generation in which there are no cocktails shaken, and we must admit a great sense of repose. The young folks in this simple home-comedy are total abstainers, but they manage to stir up quite a bit of delightful trouble, and (as played by Nydia Westman and Wallace Ford) are, on the whole, our favorite children of the season. Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Bewitched. *National*—To be reviewed later.

Cobra. *Longacre*—The wife who would wooing go, made into a new character by Judith Anderson, with the able assistance of Louis Calhern and Ralph Morgan.

Conscience. *Belmont*—To be reviewed next week.

Dancing Mothers. *Maxine Elliott's*—What we are coming to if the young folks keep on irritating the playwrights. Helen Hayes represents the young folks.

The Green Beetle. *Klaw*—Chinese melodrama in which a man is killed by a dinner-gong.

Hassan. *Knickerbocker*—To be reviewed later.

Havoc. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—British war play which interests in spite of being familiar material.

High Stakes. *Hudson*—To be reviewed next week.

The Mask and the Face. *Bijou*—To be reviewed next week.

Minnick. *Booth*—To be reviewed next week.

The Miracle. *Century*—A spectacle which stands in a class by itself.

My Son. *Princess*—To be reviewed next week.

What Price Glory? *Plymouth*—A war play of tremendous power.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—The tropical sun and its effect on a white man.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—We understand that this has only one more year here. We knew we'd drive it out of town sooner or later.

The Best People. *Lyceum*—Nothing to sit up after nine o'clock to see.

Expressing Willie. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Smart kidding, well done.

The Haunted House. *George M. Cohan's*—Wallace Eddinger in a mystery comedy which succeeds in being amusing if not mystifying.

Izzy. *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed next week.

Lazybones. *J'anderbilt*—To be reviewed later.

The Little Angel. *Frazee*—To be reviewed next week.

Oh, Oh, Madeline. *Eltinge*—To be reviewed later.

Pigs. *Little*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—Shouldn't be missed.

The Tantrum. *Cort*—Roberta Arnold in a successfully tempestuous characterization.

The Werewolf. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Sex as it is played on the Continent.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Be Yourself. *Sam H. Harris*—A funny show, featuring Queenie Smith and Jack Donahue.

The Chocolate Dandies. *Colonial*—This year's Negro whirlwind.

Dear Sir. *Times Square*—To be reviewed later.

The Dream Girl. *Ambassador*—Victor Herbert's last score, with Fay Bainter and Walter Woolf.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—Revue material which has been derived from above the shoulders.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Shubert*—To be reviewed next week.

I'll Say She Is. *Casino*—The Marx Brothers and loud laughter.

Kid Boots. *Selwyn*—Eddie Cantor still going strong.

Marjorie. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Good all-around show, with Elizabeth Hines, Andrew Tombes and Skeet Gallagher.

No Other Girl. *Morosco*—Helen Ford and Eddie Buzzell in something pleasant to listen to.

The Passing Show. *Winter Garden*—Jim Barton.

Ritz Revue. *Ritz*—To be reviewed next week.

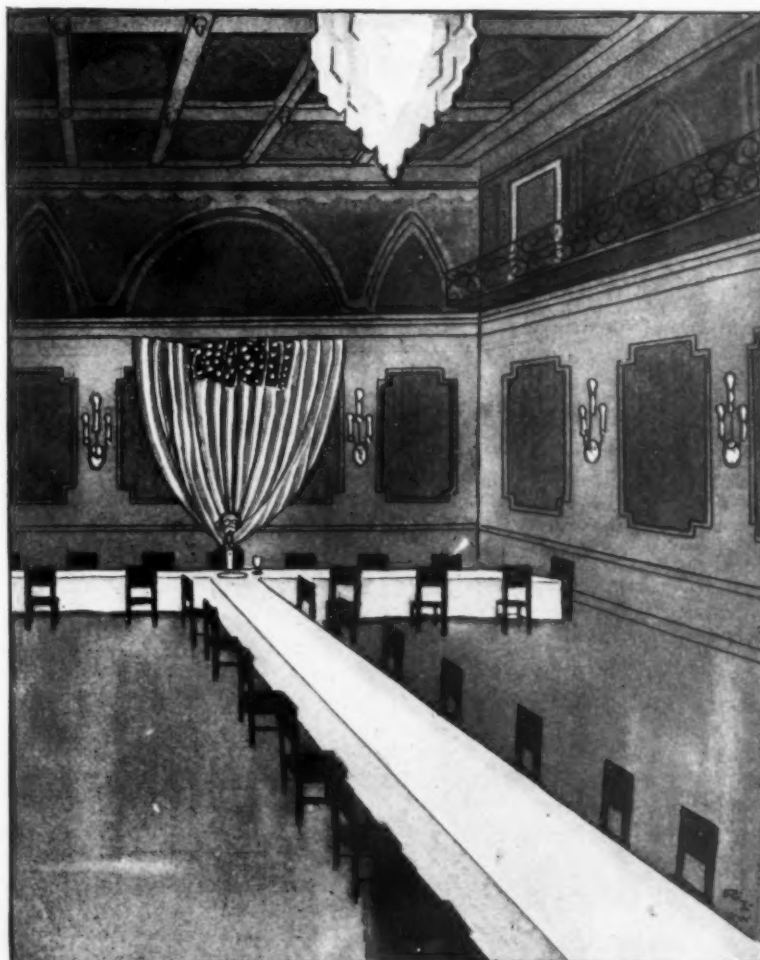
Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—Reviewed in this issue.

Scandals. *Apollo*—George White's newest and best.

Top Hole. *Fulton*—So-so.

Vanities. *Music Box*—Reviewed in this issue.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Well, it's the Follies and Will Rogers, and that's about all that seems to matter.



THE CHICAGO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HONORS THE MAN WHO INVENTED THE VEGETABLE DINNER



"WELL, NOW THAT THEM SUMMER BOARDERS ARE GONE, I CAN CATCH UP ON MY READIN'."

Inside Dope

"WELL, all right," grumbled the rum-runner. "I'll swap. But you gotta give me two cases of Scotch for one case of rye."

"You're a robber!" howled the Federal agent. Nevertheless, the trade was consummated.

Whereupon the Federal agent wired his chief that he had exchanged shots with the enemy.

DEMOCRACY wavers. "This is the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan" is supplanted by "This is the man who danced with the girl who danced with the Prince of Wales."

It's a Grand Old Town

CHICAGO at last was completed;
Had been thoroughly sidewalked and streeted.
With wild acclamation the whole population
Regarded the scene of their work.
There wasn't a manhole that busted;
Each hydrant was utterly trusted;
There wasn't a place in the whole crowded space
Where a danger could possibly lurk.

"It is perfect!" the citizens shouted.
"The millennium's here—can't be doubted.
All ills are abolished; our village is polished
As bright as it can be by men."
Yet their ardor was nowise diminished
On finding their life task was finished,
So with no trace of pity they pulled down the city,
And started all over again.

The Man for the Place

A CRISIS had arrived in the affairs of the Epicure Products Co. Business was in a bad way, and it was borne in upon the directors that new blood was needed in the management. To that end, they cast their eyes upon Jones and Smith—both, of course, mere shipping clerks.

Jones was all a forward-looking young man should be. He ate only sandwiches, that he might have a free hand for his efficiency books. His memory, in its retentiveness, shamed fly-paper. He shaved with the biggest razors and wrote with the biggest fountain-pens. He was decisive. He was clean-cut. He was confidence-inspiring. And above all, he was *he*!

Smith got the job. He was a bear at slogans.

Gardner Rea.

Its Main Use

CUSTOMER: I want a bottle of carbolic acid.

CLERK: What do you intend to mistake it for?



Kid Slug (down for the ninth time): Y'HEAR ME, I'M NOT GETTING UP AGAIN, SO YOU KIN JUST TELL THAT BAND TO STOP PLAYING "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

Pride of Locality

"I BEG your pardon," said a crusty old bean to the generous fragment of pork with which it was making a portion of pork and beans, "but your contiguity is insufferable."

"Go wan," retorted the pork. "Go wan back to Bosting!"

"Coarse Westerner!" said the bean.

"Eastern sissy!" answered the pork.

"At least," said the bean with great dignity, "we are not uncivilized. We come from the fount of culture. We have background——"

"Yeah?" said the pork. "Your background is a lot of common, ordinary dirt. That's all it is. I come from the great open spaces——"

"Where pigs is pigs."

"I'll say so. And what's more, we're proud of it. We're the backbone of the Nation——"

"You're all fat," said the bean. "Can't see your backbone for it."

"Get back in the pot," yelped the pork.

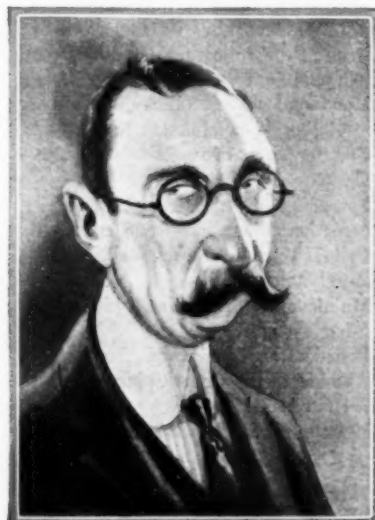
"Boor!" screamed the bean. "Stock-yard boor!"

"Chicago moron!" screamed all the other beans.

At that moment, the argument was settled by a man from Little Rock, Ark.

He ate the contestants. H. W. H.

HE: So your brother made the team?
SHE: Oh, I wouldn't say that.
But of course he helped.



MEN WHO HAVE MADE CHICAGO

Francis X. Plush, who coined the phrase, "Oh, is THAT so?" thereby giving loyal Chicagoans an effective answer to all their critics.



THE MAGNET

FROM WHICH SIDE WILL HE ATTRACT THE MOST?

Forgotten History

"MENE, mene, tekell, upharsin," wrote the hand on the wall.

"Positively no attention paid to communications unless in typewritten form," chortled Belshazzar.

Joy continued unrefined.

Noah and his tribe had just alighted on Mount Ararat.

"What do you think of our skyline?" chorused the delegation of ship news reporters.

The Ark immediately sailed without waiting for high tide.

"Et tu, Brute?" mourned the stricken Caesar.

"Dat guy's alluz pullin' his collich eddication," snorted the notorious gangster, as he added another pulmonary puncture for luck.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye may die," quoted Lucrezia

Borgia playfully, tapping another flask of the old synthetic.

"Duchess," agreed an expiring guest, after taking his without a chaser, "you said a mouthful!"

Abdul-Hamid had grown suspicious that the privacy of his harem was being violated.

"'Deed, boss, dey ain't nobody hyah 'ceptin' us chickens," pleaded his wives in unison.

Catherine of Russia was disconsolate.

"The imperial iceman is impervious to my charms," she complained.

"Remember, though, Your Serene Effulgence," consoled a courtier, "it gets four out of five."

Tip Bliss.

THE sun keeps his southern date:
How much earlier it gets late!



THE ROVER GIRLS IN VENICE

"WHAT'S THAT BUILDING OVER THERE? LOOK IN THE BOOK AND FIND OUT WHAT THAT BUILDING IS."

"LET'S SEE—I GUESS THAT MUST BE ST. MARK'S."

"WELL, that's over with, THANK GOODNESS. WE'VE SEEN ST. MARK'S."

Song in Exile

CHICAGO! Chicago! I'm sick for the sight of her;
Sick for the smells of her; sick for her grime;
Sick for the chimneys that make such a fright of her;
Sick for her soft coal—yes, sick for her crime!
Now I'm away I am sick for 'em—love 'em!
And when I am there I am blooming sick of 'em.

Baron Ireland.

Judgment of Chicago

BY THE NEW YORKER

AGAINST Chicago:
In the Middle West.
Packing industry.
No subways.
Limited theatrical circles.
Crime, as compared with
New York.

Point for Chicago:

Furnished theme of Chi-
cago Number of LIFE.

BY THE CHICAGOAN

Points for Chicago:
In the Middle West.
Packing industry.
No subways.
Limited theatrical circles.
Crime, as compared with
New York.

Against Chicago:

Furnished theme of Chi-
cago Number of LIFE.

He Made It Snappy

"IT'S no use," said the girl, explaining her ruined bob to her friends; "I tried to tell the barber the way I wanted it, but he cut me short."

SMALL GIRL (visiting on the farm): Grandmother, which are the apples that keep the doctor away?

What Becomes of Your Ku Klux \$10.00

THERE appears to be a distressing doubt in the minds of numerous Klansmen as to exactly what is being done with the initiation fees of the faithful. Such doubt is prejudicial to the cause of Nordic idealism, and deadly to the good work of extermination. It must be laid. By a serried line of investigation conducted in the approved manner of high finance (i.e., by marking on tablecloths with my fork), I have arrived at the following definitive results:

Out of every \$10.00 paid in to the Ku Klux Klan—
\$00.67 goes to Hood and Robe. (Including Mr. Ginsberg's commission.)

00.01 " " Gas for fiery crosses.

00.19 " " Gas for Kleagle's car.

00.03 " " Spreading of the Word. (Tar, feathers, branding-irons, etc.)

00.08 " " Criminal legal counsel, bail, fines and damages.

00.13 " " Maintenance of spy and hi-jacking systems.

00.00 " " Broadcasting copies of the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States.

\$1.11

The remaining \$8.89 goes to show there's one born every minute.

Gardner Rea.

Bad to Worse

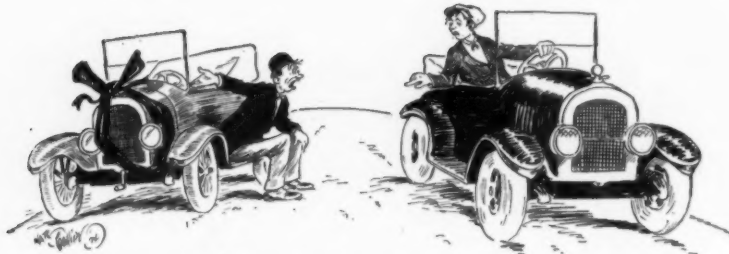
"DOWN in Texas they call golf the hoof and mouth disease," related the visitor from Dallas.

"How come?" asked the oldest member of the club.

"Because they hoof all day and mouth all night."



SILENT CAL



"WHY THE CRÉPE ON THE HOOD OF THE CAR—WHO'S DEAD?"
"THE DANGED ENGINE!"

The Quip of the King's Jester

NOW it came to pass that the royal jester of the King of England one day got off a most sagacious crack. Whereat the monarch fell to laughing immoderately and proclaiming that that was a good one, nor was the jester one to say him nay. Amid jingle of bells, the so-called court fool ran off to make a note of it.

The King thought ever and ever more highly of his jester's wit. As the sovereign said in his quaint way, it grew on him. So he determined to make a grand tour of the courts of foreign kingdoms to promote international good will by the relation of his jester's incomparably original nifty.

The jester, strange to say, was very loath to fare forth upon this praiseworthy pilgrimage. But he had no choice.

Now when they came to the Court of France, they were received with joy, but the French King begged that they first listen to his jester, who recently had pulled a droll line which might serve as a curtain raiser to the English side-splitter.

So the French jokesmith sprang his quip, and lo! it was the selfsame one that had been cracked by the English jester.

The English King left in wrath, vowing they were stealing his jester's stuff by sorcery, and he came to the Court of the King of Spain. And there the local quipper also anticipated the humor of the Englishman.

At four other royal courts the tour of good will fell similarly and fatally flat. The King of England in high dudgeon at length had his jester haled before him.

"How comes it," he demanded, "that this wow of thine may be heard in every palace of Europe?"

"Sire," the jester explained, half-

trembling, half-boasting, "all my stuff is syndicated!"

Moral—The reason there are no kings' jesters in the United States is not only that there are no kings.

Fairfax Downey.

Not for Music Lovers

LET'S go home and listen to the symphony concert on the radio."

"No, thanks; I don't care much for music."

"You don't understand—I said let's go home and listen to the symphony concert on the radio."

A Confession

CHICAGO is a lovely place—
We admit it.

The center of the human race—

We admit it.

Although we'd hate to knock or rap,
The other towns are heaps of scrap;
They're simply absent from the map—

We admit it.

We lead the world in realms of
thought—

We admit it.

And progress of the better sort—

We admit it.

We took a plot of musty hay,
And waterfront, and rock, and clay,
And made it what it is to-day—

We admit it. *Sherman Ripley.*

Parental Reproof

SISTER (complainingly): Claribelle
always drops her ashes on the floor.

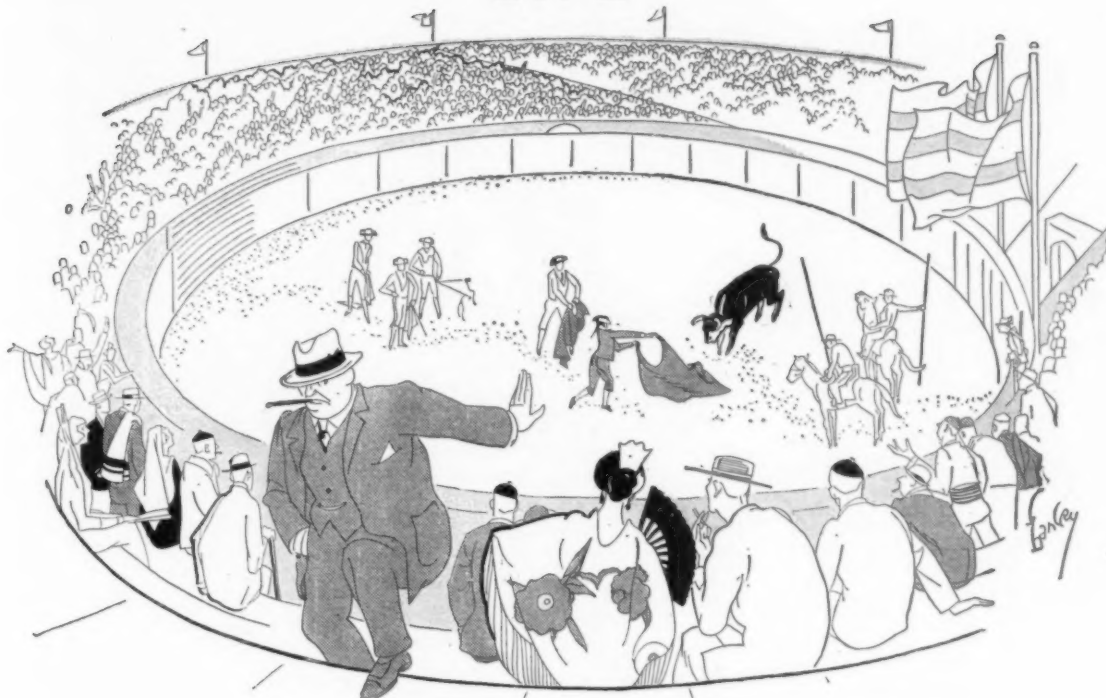
MOTHER: Claribelle, you're old
enough to smoke better!

FABLE—Once there was a taxicab
driver who carefully washed his
license plates before starting out each
morning.



Diner: I SAY, MISS, I'M IN A HURRY.

Waitress: DON'T LET ME DETAIN YOU.



Chicagoan (in Spain): GOOD night! ALL THIS FUSS OVER one BULL!

The Blind Alley

ONCE there was a woman who went to the movies every evening with her husband, except when she played Mah Jong, or listened-in on the radio. And the woman became horribly fed-up with the pictures, only one out of the million being any good; and she became even more fed-up with the latest tiles from China and the dissonances of jazz orchestras.

Just then, along came an African explorer, a man from the great and more or less open spaces of the jungle, lion skins, puttees and all. The inevitable happened. In a little while which was no while at all, she was on a steamer with him, bound for the continent where life is life, and *et cetera* is *et cetera*.

They arrived, and in the moonlight which was moonlight and not just—moonlight, they trekked to the explorer's headquarters.

As she opened the door, the guests who had assembled to greet her rose from the Mah Jong tables and came towards her.

"My dear," cried one of the women, "I hope you're not too tired, because we've arranged a party that will start with seeing Gloria Swanson in 'A

Woman's Woman,' and will end with dancing at the club to the music from the Hot Hottentot Orchestra which is being broadcast from Cape Town at midnight to-night."

Moral: The damage was done when the first cave-dwellers exchanged frying-pans. B. B.

There's the Rub

SHE: Oh, how my knee itches!
HE: Shall we dance?



Pup: I WONDER WHERE I GOT THE SILLY IDEA THAT I WOULD LIKE TO BE A BIRD DOG?

Listeners

GOOD ONES:

Eve.
Delilah.
Socrates.
Joe Miller.
Boswell.
Any husband at two A. M.

POOR ONES:

Lot's wife.
Joseph (so far as Potiphar's wife was concerned).
The boy who cried "Wolf."
Traffic cops.
La Follette.
Any wife at two A. M.

Her Natural Gait

LONDONER: Chicago? Oh, yes; that's out near the Rockies, isn't it?

CHICAGOAN: Well, I've been away a month.

A BARBLESS fishhook has been invented. It is doubtful, however, whether such consideration will spread to the point where a dividend-paying oil stock will be devised.

The SILENT DRAMA



"Merton of the Movies"

AS though in answer to my prayer, breathed last week, for a really good picture, along comes "Merton of the Movies"—and all drab memories of a dull summer are dispelled in the twinkling of a lens.

Even if "Merton of the Movies," on the screen, lacks some of the sharp humor of the original book and some of the pathos of the play, it does possess one quality which both of its parents lacked: undeniable authority. There can be no question about the authenticity of *Merton Gill* when we see him reflected in his own silvered mirror.

James Cruze directed "Merton of the Movies," and the briskness, snap and spontaneity which distinguish all his productions are evident throughout the picture. Cruze is a humorous, irreverent fellow, and he has not hesitated to represent *Jeff Baird*, director of Buckeye Comedies, as a broad burlesque of himself.

Cruze and Walter Woods, the adapter, have soft-pedalled some of the satire which abounded in Harry Leon Wilson's story, and in Kaufman and Connelly's play—but they have tampered with none of the fundamental truths. *Merton Gill* remains, on the screen, the same hapless, credulous, pitiful boob that he always was.

GLENN HUNTER, as *Merton*, is just as good as he was on the stage; in other words, he is marvelous. No finer, truer or more intelligent performance has been seen in the movies

this year—and I have not forgotten John Barrymore's *Beau Brummel*.

There has been current for some time a well-grounded rumor to the effect that Glenn Hunter is a flop in Hollywood, and that his starring contract with Famous Players is cancelled. Well, if this is true, Messrs. Zukor and Lasky have my condolences. Hunter has the same endearing quality that flashed from the person of Charles Ray when he first appeared in "The Coward." He has the power of communicating emotions to his audience—of sharing his sensations with those who happen to be looking on.

When I saw him do his starvation scene in "Merton of the Movies," I immediately became frightfully hungry; and at the conclusion of the picture I dashed out to a nearby café and consumed two cups of coffee and three hot dogs.

"Captain Blood"

NO one can reasonably hold up "Captain Blood" as a worthy rival of "Passion" or "Robin Hood" in the field of costume dramas; it is, as productions go, far from superlative. But in one respect it has a marked edge over most of the swashbuckling spectacles that have inundated the screen in recent years: its story is coherent, structurally sound and consistently interesting.

I have not read Sabatini's novel, and so I had no previous acquaintance with the characters or situations as they appeared in "Captain Blood." Nevertheless, I followed them with an absorption

which occasionally mounted to thrill. This, so far as I am concerned, makes "Captain Blood" an unusually good picture.

The title rôle is enacted (I believe that is the correct phrase) by J. Warren Kerrigan, who looks considerably better as a curly-wigged cavalier than he did in the buckskin habiliments of *Will Banion*, leader of the Liberty Boys in "The Covered Wagon."

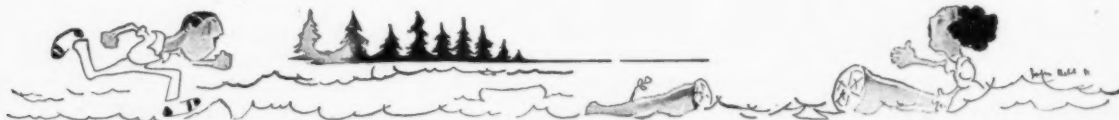
"Open All Night"

IN his first directorial venture, "Open All Night," Paul Bern has studiously imitated the style and method of Charlie Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris"—a worthy attempt, to be sure, but not entirely a successful one.

"Open All Night" has many effective touches, a wealth of pungent atmosphere and some excellent acting. But it is a story that should be told in miniature; dragged out through six or seven reels, it becomes appallingly dull.

Adolph Menjou is superb, as always; so is Jetta Goudal, whose appearances on the screen up to now have been surprisingly scant; so is Maurice B. Flynn, the ex-Yale boy. The scenes in the Cirque d'Hiver in Paris are beautifully staged. And yet, for all its embellishments, "Open All Night" misses fire.

WITH further experience, Paul Bern will learn that before Charlie Chaplin developed the fine art of detail he mastered the crude but basic principles of drama. R. E. Sherwood.





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Possession

A young five-year-old friend of ours who had been permitted to play with a neighbor's dog recently acquired a canine animal of her own. "Now," she announced with satisfaction, "I have a dog of my own—and not just a step-dog!"—*New York Herald Tribune*.

At the Cliff's Edge

UNCLE (excited by cinema villain's pursuit of heroine): I say, isn't this thrilling?

BLASE CHILD: Oh, it's all right—her woman's wit will save her.—*Punch*.

FROM a schoolboy's essay—"Aladdin had a ring, and every time he rang a Guinness sprang up out of the ground."
—*London Daily News*.

"My cook is threatening to leave."

"Mine seldom give me that much notice."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



"I HIT IT, MACDOUGAL; I SAW THE FEATHERS FLY!"

"OH, AYE, SIR; BUT I MISDOOT THEY FLEW AWA' WI' THE BIR-RD!"

—*Passing Show (London)*.

It's a poor alienist that won't work both ways.—*Indianapolis News*.

Peruvian English

The Lima *West Coast Leader* has a correspondent—real or imaginary—whose Peruvian English rivals the Nipponese English of the Japanese School-boy. A recent issue contains the following local notes from this contributor:

Under the hospices of Mister P. Hayes a house-heating for the Mister and Misses Jonnie Angove was gave. Everyone sustain up well except the Victorolla which develop a hot-box before the finish of the performance.

The Club Casapalca has now acquire and amplifier for her fonograf. The gasts at the dances talk always strongly in English, American, Peruvian, Escotch, Castilian, Espanich, Italian and Piemonteso so nobody cant hear no music. Now this new amplifier holla like jell so one can danse in despite of the raquet produce by social conversation.

The Misses of Doctor Jaris has augment to her Parque Zoologico with one mouse.

Mister Castro and his wife gave a feast in celebrating the saintday of the misses. All persons danse and compliment the hair of the misses which are the most late succumbent to the epidermic of barbarism.

Lots some people ask to me who is these Soroche. Other people they say who is these dam soroche. So I think it be necessary I tell you that Soroche he is a bunch similar to grapes and if you murder one person with perforation by revolver it shall not estop these menace.—*Living Age*.

As in Golf

"DOES a fisherman ever tell the truth?"

"Yes, when he calls another fisherman a liar."—*Kansas City Star*.

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The Incorporated States

"We allus feel like we was losin' money when we hear a p'litical orator say, 'Our government is a gigantic business enterprise, an' you an' me and all o' us are partners an' stockholders in it.'"

—Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

What's Yours?

It is said that drinking as an outlet for masculine interests in the U. S. A. has been diverted to the motor-car. We should like to see two Americans tossing who pays for the third Ford.

—Punch.

The Connoisseur

A man who claimed to be an expert in regard to Oriental pottery was invited by a friend to inspect his collection.

Many really fine specimens were produced for the self-styled expert's inspection, but he did not seem particularly impressed.

Finally his attention was attracted by a vase standing on a cabinet in a far corner of the room.

"Ah!" he said, examining it closely. "Here you have something really valuable. Chinese of the Ming dynasty, I should say."

"That?" replied the collector. "That's what I won at the Amusement Park at Wembley."

—Pearson's Weekly (London).

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Two Georges

"And now," said the teacher, "can any boy tell me what caused the American War of Independence?"

An excited, grubby hand fluttered in the air.

"Well, Bobby, and can you tell us?"

"Yes'm. Please'm, it was 'cos King George the Third called George Washington a liar."—London Morning Post.

Patience Appreciated

"Look here, waiter, I've been waiting half an hour for that steak I ordered."

"Yes, sir, I know it, sir. Life would be worth living, sir, if every one was as patient as you are."

—Boston Transcript.

MRS. NEWIFE (as husband prepares for swim): Don't go farther than the horizon, darling, will you?—Passing Show.



For appearance

Every shave with Williams does your face good, for Williams benefits the skin leaving it soothed and cool. And you may be amazed at the way it softens your beard. Large size tube 35c; double size tube 50c, containing twice as much cream.

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Unemployment

A Problem Drama

SCENE: An employment agency: several well-dressed matrons seated. The door opens and a buxom woman enters. The ladies arise; the newcomer surveys them critically and nods towards one.

PROPRIETRESS (to lady indicated): Mrs. Bridget O'Brien, cook, has consented to interview you.

THE COOK: What size shirts would yer husband be wearin'?

FIRST LADY: Fifteen, I believe.

COOK: Won't do!

SECOND LADY (eagerly): Mine wears sixteen and a half.

COOK: Silk?

SECOND LADY: He has quite a few silk ones.

COOK: My man's very particular; won't wear nothin' but silk.

SECOND LADY (worriedly): I'm sure we could buy some more.

COOK: How many nights a week would you be wantin' out?

SECOND LADY (hesitatingly): Usually

Science proves the danger
of bleeding gums



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FOR
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I have Tuesdays, Fridays and Sundays.

COOK (scornfully): Three nights a week. Humph! (To proprietress.) Ask that fat one over in th' corner how many she is in fambly.

THIRD LADY (fearfully): I have a grown son, but he isn't—

COOK (interrupting): You'd think people'd have sense enough to go to th' army fer a mess sergeant.

FOURTH LADY: There's only myself and my husband, and I only want two nights out a week, and—

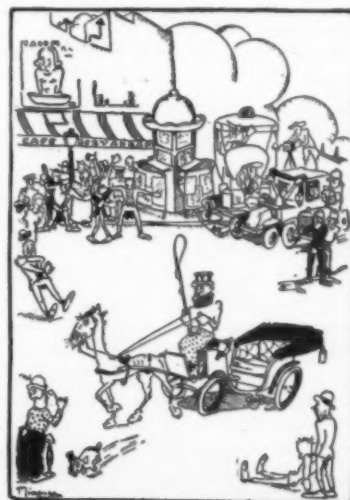
COOK: How big a garage would you be havin'?

FOURTH LADY: It's quite small; one car, in fact.

COOK: I thought as much. And where'd I be puttin' mine? (Moves to door.) No use talkin', mistresses is an awful problem these days.

CURTAIN.

J. K. M.



A FIACRE IS DISCOVERED ON THE
STREETS OF PARIS IN 192—
—Le Ruy Blas.

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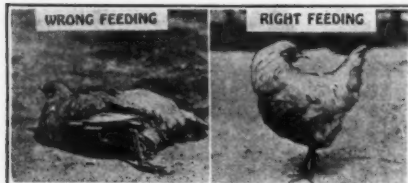
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Nerve force, when fully fed, causes the full functioning of every organ of the body and produces glowing health.

Of course due attention must be paid to other factors, as rest, and fresh air, but the fact remains that the first, fundamental, all-important, vital, essential step for efficiency, health and success is intensive nerve nutriment, and the other factors follow in consequence.

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Confidences of a Foundryman

"You know my daughter Cora? Maybe you know her as Corinne? That's what she calls herself. Well, she's going to get married and move away from Terre Haute. Yes; going to marry an author she met when she took that summer course at Columbia.

"He's only twenty-five, but he has five books all planned out. Cora says she wants to help him like her mother helped me when I started that gray iron foundry over in Danville. She says it's only a question of writing the books because he knows all the influential publishing people.

"They'll have to live in New York. He says he must have the atmosphere—that New York is the intellectual capital of the universe. I asked him if he thought that was any place to take Cora."
McC. H.

Mrs. Pep's Diary (Continued from page 9)

Leech, having a predilection for novels that start off with a character walking across Central Park.

October
2nd

By appointment to a beauty specialist, to meet May Stephens, finding her swathed past recognition in linen and rubber, and full of the treatment she was being taught to give herself. Lord! I had liefer have a face resembling a road map than put in time anointing it with ice and unguents, but luckily for the cosmetics manufacturers, the majority of my sex think differently. I submitted myself to a Marcel wave, however, the young woman asking me, as usual, if I used any dye on my hair, a question which always gives me a strange pleasure. To luncheon with May at an inn, discoursing frankly and freely of our acquaintances until May quoth, It's too bad we don't know more people—we could talk so much meaner. ... Dickson Watts and his wife Peggy to motor us out to Long Island to dinner, and when Sam, poor wretch, did discover this side of Flushing that he had brought his flask along empty, we feared he would do himself violence.

Baird Leonard.

It is feared the recent rise in corn will affect the price of the winter's pre-war Scotch.



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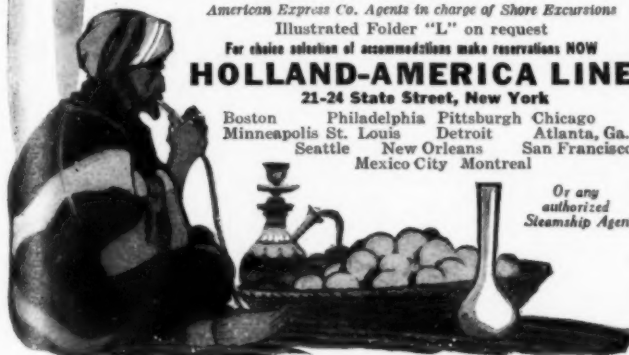
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Easterner: I SUPPOSE, IN A LITTLE MIDDLE-
WESTERN VILLAGE OF THIS SORT, YOU ALWAYS
HAVE SOME QUEER, ECCENTRIC FIGURE.

Native: YES, I GUESS THAT'LL BE HANK MOR-
TON, THERE. HANK DON'T THINK CHICAGO'LL
EVER BE TH' FIRST CITY!

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Daniel Hays believed that a pair
of gloves should reflect a man's
personality and so each pair of
Hays gloves has been made that
way right up to the present day.

Each pair of Hays gloves is made
with a care for detail that is re-
flected in both looks and feeling.

There is as much difference be-
tween a Hays glove and an
ordinary glove as between a fine
suit of clothes and a suit of armor.

From the selected high grade skin
to the finish of seam and edge
there is a distinctive character to
Hays gloves that is apparent
at once.

The Hays tradition makes a glove
worth asking for. Many high
grade stores will offer them with-
out the asking.

BUCKSKIN • CAPE • MOCHA

Superseam Gloves will not unravel

THE DANIEL HAYS COMPANY

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S FINEST BUCKSKIN GLOVES
GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., U. S. A.



The Way to EGYPT next season

Those intending to visit Egypt and the Mediterranean next Winter are advised that an unusually excellent travel opportunity will be available in a special trip of the world-famous

MAURETANIA of the CUNARD LINE

Sailing from New York,
Feb. 17, 1925

and arriving at Alexandria at the very height of the Egyptian Season.

The *Mauretania* will call en route at the following ports, remaining in each long enough for attractive shore visits:

MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MONACO, NAPLES, ATHENS, HAIFA — for passengers wishing to visit the Holy Land.

Round-trip tickets with return via North Atlantic from Cherbourg, Southampton or Liverpool.

WEST INDIES CRUISES
by S. S. Tuscania
Jan. 22 and Feb. 24, 1925

Full information on request

CUNARD
and **ANCHOR**
STEAM SHIP LINES

25 Broadway New York
or Branches and Agencies

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$271,448.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 45,925 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$20,679.41
Ralph W. Palmer, New York....	2.00
Birthday money of Catherine Jeanette and Stewart Hartshorn, Center Harbor, N. H.....	18.00
W. H. P., Alexandria, Va.....	15.00
"In Memoriam," R. V. S., Darien, Conn.	25.00
Bernice H. Sykes, Paicines, Calif.	10.00
V. R. Shepard, Jr., Cincinnati..	10.00
Henry W. Whipple, Cranford, N. J.....	10.00
R. Graham Biglow, New York..	100.00
Dorothy E. Joline, Tottenville, N. Y.....	3.00
Ed. Howard and Jean Nicholson, New York.....	15.00
Alice H. Adams, Los Angeles....	10.00
Louis Waneck, Chicago.....	20.00
Mrs. Anna Ross Weeks, So. Fairlee, Vt.....	35.00
Quinbeck Camps, So. Fairlee, Vt.	32.50
Mrs. William H. Downey, Tenafly, N. J.....	25.00
	\$21,009.91

Chicago Sights

Expected by Mail Subscribers for the
World's Greatest Newspaper

ANNUAL outing of Benevolent Association of Murderers and Bondsmen in Lincoln Park. United States mail cars being robbed at principal stations. Trial heats, beer runners and high-jackers, Michigan Avenue.

Street-car men in the act of striking. Ex-Mayor Thompson in a Stetson. Mayor Dever declining to dig a subway.

Girls stealing husbands from the great American home and carrying them off to apartment hotels. Fifty railroads writhing in the process of forcible electrification. The Olympics, Davis Cup matches, national golf tournaments and the Harvard-Yale game going on simultaneously in Grant Park Stadium.

Packing kings in plug hats using everything but the squeal. Honest men leaving the Board of Trade in barrels. Crosses showing where bodies were found. McC. H.

Suiting All Purses

GENTLEMAN (taking out pocket-book): Did you say the suit was fifty dollars?

CLERK: No, sir; forty-five.

THE BOSS: Vy, James, I'm surprised at you! You know our slogan is "De customer is always right."

WITH the footpads roaming Chicago as they do, you sort of have to expect a Chicagoan to be stuck up about his home town.

Can you enjoy a pipe?

There are smokers of tobacco in other forms who look with envious eyes on the contented and comfortable pipe-puffer.

For there is an obvious peacefulness about pipe-smoking that rests the nerves and invites the soul to calm and pleasant contemplations.

Millions of men do smoke pipes with undiluted satisfaction. Other thousands try a pipe, get their tongues burned, find the draught too strong, or have some other unhappy experience that discourages them.

Our business, in a word, is to make pipe-smoking pleasant and enjoyable to any man that fancies this mode of tobacco incineration. We strive to do this by providing a tobacco that doesn't bite the tongue, doesn't smoke too strong, doesn't leave an after-taste.

But we'll let Mr. Moxley tell it. Here is what he writes:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

St. Louis, Mo.
March 10, 1924.

Please allow me to say a word of praise for "Edgeworth." Last fall I thought I would try again to smoke a pipe—so I bought a pipe and a can of "Edgeworth" and can say very gladly that so far I have not had any sore tongue nor do I feel any "after-taste" from smoking. This is more important when you take into consideration that heretofore I had been unable to smoke a pipe on account of the sickening sensation I had afterward, but that is gone forever and I for one am truly glad to be able to get the one good smoke, "Edgeworth."

Give my regards to Mr. Joe Rivers and Mr. James Edmund.

(Signed) Al J. Moxley



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may prove out all the virtues that its smokers claim for it. If you like it, so much the better for us both. If you don't—well, that's that!

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 63 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means

of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

CRICHTON & CO. LTD.

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

New York—636, Fifth Avenue (corner of 51st Street)

Chicago—618, So. Michigan Avenue.

THE art of Reproduction is given its highest expression in the beautiful copies of Early English Silver designs made by Crichton craftsmen. A comprehensive collection of originals of the various periods is always on view at the Crichton Galleries.



Crichton Reproduction of a charming Queen Anne Silver Tea Set



"JOHN WRITES FROM COLLEGE SAYIN' HE HAS TO HAVE A NEW MORTAR-BOARD FOR COMMENCEMENT."

"MORTAR-BOARD? BAH! WE DIDN'T SEND HIM TO COLLEGE TO BECOME A PLASTERER!"



"This tin, dear, always reminds me of your Dad"

He's not handsome and doesn't dress extravagantly—but—when you come to his innermost qualities you find the real man.

He used to tell me what wonderful tobacco it was. He talked to his friends for hours about its charms, how it was blended in the old-fashioned way—how he could buy it in every part of the world. I like *you* to smoke it because I feel you, too, are the good judge he was.

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LONDON**

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CARRERAS LTD.
55, Piccadilly,
LONDON, W.
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Craven Mixture
in the plain old Tin

As originally Blended for the 3rd Earl of Craven



PALL MALL SPECIALS

At thirty cents for
twenty cigarettes
Pall Mall *Specials*
are the greatest
quality purchase in
the world—in *any* line

The Specials come in plain ends only

*No charge in size or price of Pall Mall
Regulars (each tip)
A shilling in London, a quarter here*

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